The Island Landfall

sujrf break upon your ears and the wealth of her
soft groves and wooded slopes glad your eyes.
But, as details stand out upon her, I would rather
be passing the barrier of her reef where no boat
other than a simple fishing-canoe or two would
hail me. In translucent water, undefiled as in the
dawn of all, I would drop my anchor. Off shores
unpeopled my ship should lie, and on sands strewn
only with the wreckage of coral and the treasure
of the bush and sea would I first set foot. For it
can still be done, though I shall write neither how
nor where.

As it is, one picks out the corrugated iron of
rectangular stores, the spires of churches whose
builders did not think of the holiness of beauty, the
lines of villa residences. The pilot comes off in a
motor-boat. Taxis wait upon the quay. Notices
of picture-postcard and curio shops tell you to
take the first to the right and the

second to the
left and in three minutes taste even
here the full
joys of the tourist, and, as you leave
the gangway
a being whom Mrs. Smith erroneously
calls a
native will push a cinema
advertisement into your
hand. You will be told that you can
see there